

County Correspondence

TEEGARDEN.

James Faleonbury is seriously ill of dropsy.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lehman of Chicago were at home on Sunday. Ben Clark moved into the Justin Myers house last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hom Kline of Alida visited in town on Sunday. Alec McDaniel, who has been quite sick, is slowly improving.

W. C. Divine was at Plymouth on business Monday.

Mrs. Rebecca Mattis of Arkansas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Lew Lemert.

Mrs. Rebecca Myers of Plymouth visited her brother, Alec McDaniel a few days last week.

SLIGO.

Ward Perkins has the mumps. Mrs. Olive Heckart and Nancy Barts of Plymouth spent Sunday with Ned Marsh and family.

Lewis and Ida Stuck of Plymouth spent Sunday with Adam Kepler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Miller and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Strole were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rupel Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Shafford of Plymouth spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Keene.

Mrs. L. Shafford of Plymouth is spending a few days here with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Mary Sweet and daughter of South Bend are spending a few days with friends here.

Wolf Creek Church Items.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. The Sunday School is flourishing with good work. Mr. John Goodman Supt.

The Rev. A. Harris of Chicago will be here Sunday to preach at 3 a. m. Rev. Harris is a deep thinker and excellent speaker and a good singer. His wife will accompany him. Come each and every one, bring your families and friends to hear an excellent sermon and help to greet the minister and wife.

A meeting was held last Sunday evening for the purpose of organizing an Epworth League. Officers were elected and twenty joined the pledge. The league will meet Sunday evening at 7 o'clock prompt with Mr. Hiram Shaffer leader.

TWIN LAKES.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lawrence were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. McFarlin Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nightlinger of Michigan are spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Wenino.

The Misses Iva and Grace Wenino spent Sunday at Mrs. Raines.

Miss Bessie Beaty was the guest of Rev. Doty Sunday afternoon.

J. W. Nichols sold his driving horse to Jas. Stuck of Plymouth last week.

Miss Bessie Beaty left Wednesday morning for South Bend where she is going to spend a few days with her brother. She goes from there to Elkhart to visit her sister before returning home.

G. Cooper, J. Lindam, J. Gourly O. Gourly of Chicago, E. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Wm. Hummel of South Bend and E. Richardson of Plymouth were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Doty Sunday.

LAPAZ.

Edward Cook and family of Bremen visited Saturday and Sunday with relatives here.

J. W. Burger of Royal Center spent Sunday and Monday at home in Lapaz.

George and Phoebe Kimble spent Sunday in South Bend as the guests of Squire Kimble and family.

Mrs. Henry Shirk Sr., who has been quite sick for several weeks is able to be up and around again.

Dr. Tallman of Culver spent Sunday in Lapaz.

Dwight Harbaugh of Lakeville is taking a short vacation from his work as operator in the tower at Lakeville.

The K. O. T. B. Walking club walked to Lakeville Sunday.

Lotta Logan visited at Kewanna last week.

Earnest Logan and family spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Logan.

Mrs. Bruce McBride spent Sunday in South Bend.

The Hoover sale drew a large crowd Saturday p. m. and articles brought a good price.

Frank Dunauck of Bremen was buying stock here Monday.

Wm. Hildebrand made a business trip to South Bend Monday.

Bessie Snyder spent Sunday with Frieda Barger.

Enock Kent, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Sally Colabaugh for several weeks, returned to his home in Chicago Friday.

TIPPECANOE

Mrs. Leta Schrom of Ft. Wayne was at home most of last week.

Rev. Newhouse of Akron preached at Tippecanoe last Sunday.

Arnon Keeler went to Plymouth Sunday to see Mr. Berkeley.

12 BIG BARGAINS 12

For Saturday, May 6th, 1911

Remember this big offer is for Saturday only; the quantities are limited, the demand great, so come early and get all the benefits.

Best Calico
Saturday only
per yard

4½c

\$1.50
American Twilled Silk

Umbrellas

Mission and Fancy Handles,
Saturday Only, each

95c

Table Damask

66 in. wide, worth

60c. yard

Saturday Only, yard

42c

French Serge

All Colors, Saturday

only

Per Yard

47 cts

White Waists

Your Choice of 200
Saturday Only,
Each

95c

Window Blinds

6 feet long Saturday only

21 Cents

7 Feet Long, Saturday Only

24 Cents

Brussels Rugs

9x12 Size, worth \$15

Saturday Only

\$11.90

Barretts

Saturday Only, go

at, each

7 cts

Lonsdale Muslin

Saturday only

per yard

8½c

All Linen Crash

18 inches wide

Saturday only

per yard

7½c

Small Velvet Rugs

Worth \$1.50

Saturday only

95c

9c Unbleached

Muslin

One yard wide

Saturday Only

7c

Plymouth

THE BEE HIVE

Indiana

Jno. Metheny, wife and son, Walter of near Argos were guests of Fred Metheny's Sunday. If all reports are straight Miss Bessie Marks of this place and Ocie Shaffer of Argos were married last Sunday.

L. B. Geiger, wife and son, Paul visited with Frank Moriel and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Miron Trump of Colorado came home to see her mother, Mrs. Carper, who is very sick.

Mrs. Hannah Nutt of Plymouth is visiting Tippecanoe relatives and friends for a few days.

While cutting a chicken's head off Sunday Mrs. Laurie Yantis cut the end off of one of her fingers. She is suffering quite a lot with it. She was at her sisters, Mrs. Lizzie Kellogg's of Chicago at the time of the accident, but came home the same evening.

Henry Wood and wife and Jno. Roann and wife of Bourbon visited Mrs. Frank Flora Sunday.

DEATHS

Maud Nier.

Miss Maud Nier, daughter of Robert Nier, died at her home, 417 Oak Hill Ave., Wednesday at 12 o'clock. She was 32 years of age and had been sick since January. Obituary and funeral arrangements will be given later.

Mrs. Omer Davis

Bourbon May 1.—Mrs. Omer Davis of Bourbon died Saturday at eleven A. M. after a short illness, lasting only one week. She was 69 years of age, and leaves to mourn their loss, two sisters, her husband having died several years ago. The funeral was held at Bourbon this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

CAROLINE CRAIG.

Caroline Craig died at her home on west South street Saturday between 11 and 12 o'clock. She had a stroke of paralysis about a week ago, but it was thought she would recover. Her husband died about two years ago and she was well advanced in age, and quite feeble for some time.

Mrs. Wm. McDuffie.

Mrs. William McDuffie died at her home on north Walnut street on Saturday after an illness of about two weeks with an abscess. She would have been 58 years old on June 3. She was born in Holmes county, Ohio, and came to Plymouth when young, was married here and has lived here for a long time. She leaves no children.

The funeral was held at the

house, 1014 north Walnut, Tuesday forenoon at 1:30 services being conducted by Rev. J. F. Pressnall. Burial will be in Oak Hill cemetery.

ANNETTA GARN-TURNER

Culver, May 2.—Annetta Garn-Turner, wife of Ray Turner of Rochester died Sunday evening at eight o'clock, age 23 years. The body was taken from Rochester to the home of her mother Mrs. Lewis Shock of Burr Oak Monday afternoon. The funeral services will be held at the Burr Oak church Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, with burial in the Burr Oak cemetery.

HARRY MARVIN

Harro S. Harvin died at Riverside, Cal., at 9:30 yesterday morning after an illness of some time with consumption. He had been in the West hoping that the climate would benefit his health. While at Marshall, Texas, he was taken with quick consumption and was hurried to California.

The body was brought here for burial, arriving on Tuesday at 1:37. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to thank the neighbors and friends who so kindly assisted us during the illness and demise of our beloved wife and mother.

Wm. Craig,
Ansel G. Hoppe,
Elizabeth A. McLaughlin.

Obituary.

Mildred Florence, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cox, was born in Ft. Wayne March 1, 1907; died in Plymouth April 22, 1911, age 7 years, 1 month and 21 days. Of her it may be truly said, none knew her but to love her. She had a rare sweetness of character. Among her schoolmates and in the Sunday school, where she loved to go, she was a general favorite.

Mrs. Charles Wahl.

Mrs. Charles Wahl died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Deeds, Wednesday at 2 o'clock. She was 79 years old on the 2nd day of April. She had been sick all winter and death was due largely to old age. Other children besides Mrs. Deeds are Mrs. F. M. Burkett of this city, Mrs. Logan Williams of Warsaw, and C. E. Wahl of Colorado. The remains will be taken to Warsaw for burial.

No Slang for Him.

Donald had been to Sunday school and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. "But Donald stood his ground. 'It was, too,' he insisted. Then he added, 'The teacher said 'kid' but I don't use words like that.'"

Cobweb Gatherers.

Getting a living ought not to be very much of a problem to a man who is willing to be a little unorthodox. There is a fellow down in Greenwich Village who collects cobwebs for a living.

"But what on earth for?" he was asked.

"I sell 'em to the big hotels."

"What do they want with them?"

"De rich blokes won't buy old wines unless they get de cobwebs on 'em."

Not to Be Doubted.

"What's that you call your mule?" "I call him Corporation," answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"Fum studyin' de animal an' readin' de papers. Dat mule gits mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de township an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes' de same."

Appropriate.

Mrs. Newpop—What's the baby crying for, I wonder?

Mr. Newpop—Oh, he tried to swallow my cuff links.

Mrs. Newpop—What did you do?

Mr. Newpop—Gave him a couple of cuffs.

Things He Doesn't Say.

Laura—Why do you think Charles is fond of you? Has he said anything?

Grace—Oh, no, dear! But you should see the way in which he looks at me when I am not looking at him.

Mark Twain once addressed an audience in the interest of his fellow-townsmen, Gen. Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, and said, in the course of a droll address:

"Gen. Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the Senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue-factory. But he's all right; he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty-handed. He always gives them something, — almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Blower—"I sold my airship this morning."

Blinks—"Why so? Thought you liked it."

Blower—"It did not suit. Law says it must carry a light at night. The whole town comes out to see me land, and thinks I have been drinking if I do not land it steady late at night."—Judge.

W. S. Gilbert was lunching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clerical men, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company."

"I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

"I wonder why so many business men marry their stenographers?" "Probably under the mistaken assumption that they can dictate to them as easily after marriage as they did before."

A five-year-old boy who could not keep awake through a long sermon, suddenly became wide awake, and noticing that the minister was still preaching, inquired, "Mother, is it this Sunday or next Sunday?"

"For goodness' sake, Harry, why so sad?"

"The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe book for all the things John's mother used to make."

Noddy—There goes Waitman kiting along like a deer. I wonder if he is training for a run.

Oddie—No; on the contrary he is running for a train.

"Pa, what is a political leader?" "A man who is able to see which way the crowd is going, and follows with loud whoops in that direction."

"Judge, did you ever try an abstinence frappe?"

"No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have."

"I have reason to believe that Miss Smart has been trying to make a monkey of me." "Well, even at that she may have meant well."

"The man who knows just what he wants is bound to be successful." "Not half so much as the man who knows how to get what he wants."

All Imagination.

Berk, aged four, insisted on running off to play with a little girl his age. His mother told him that a dog might bite him if he didn't stay at home.

He answered that he would hit the mother, "but you had no stick." And Berk replied, "An' there wasn't any dog with a stick." "Yes," said his dog either."

"With one wave of my wand," says the fairy, "I can make you grow young again."

"Excuse me," replied the woman, "if I decline your kind offer. If you can bring youth to me at my present age, all right; but I positively refuse to travel back through pyrography, the first stages of bridge, the habit back, the straight front, balloon sleeves and all the rest of the fads I

MIGHTY MINDS.

Intellectual Powers Develop in t Darkness.

Some one (in the darkness) suddenly startled:

"Have any of you heard this one? A Chicago man was showing his cry to a visitor from Philadelphia. He showed him the stockyards and the lake front and the Masonic Temple and all of that, but the Philadelphian didn't enthuse. So finally the Chicago man said: 'Well what do you think of it any way? Don't you think it's a great city?'"

"It's a big city, of course," said the Quaker, "but it isn't laid out so well as Philadelphia."

"No," said the Chicago man, "but maybe it will be when it's been dead as long."

Some one else (in the darkness) sniggered.

"When it's what?" asked another voice.

"When it's been dead as long," explained the others. "Don't you see? When it's been dead as long!"

Everybody sniggered.

"Why," said somebody, "is the heart of a tree like a little dog's tail?"

"I love riddles," said one.

"So do I," said another.

"I give it up," said a third.

"Because," said the riddler, "its the furthest away from the bark."

"Tee-hee-hee!" cried a merry little madame.

"Who threw mush in father's face?" asked an ominous voice.

"Tee-hee-hee!" cried the merry little madame.

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?" demanded a jealous voice.

They all nearly died. Recovering (in a measure), some one took the lead in that chaste and elegant balad:

I love, I love, I love my wife
But, oh, you kid!
For my dear wife I'd give my life
But, oh, you kid!

My wife dear is good to me,
A wrong she never did.
I love, I love, I love my wife
But, oh, you kid!

Thus intellectually refreshed one (with a giant mind) remarked:

"Oh, pickles!"

Whereat a number shouted aloud with the exclamation of their meritment. The rest of them beamed seventeen ways for Sunday.

"Why was Eve made?" asked one.

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?" insisted the jealous voice.

"Well, why was Eve made?" asked one (after mirth had partly subsided).

"For Adam's express company."

"Say!" exclaimed an excited voice.

"Why does the United States Express Co. have white horses to pull their wagons? No, not that! This is it: Why does the United States Express Co. have white horses?"

"Oh, pickles!" cried the pickler.

Everybody laughed again.

"Who threw mush in father's face?" demanded the ominous voice.

One little girl choked and they had to pat her back.

"Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?" asked the pealous voice.

They didn't applaud this as much as its predecessor (no one had to be patted on the back, either) and the mush man put on airs.

"This," said one, aside, "is a live, jolly crowd."

"That's what is it," said another eagerly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried a third. "Let's play 'Shooze.' I'll count 3, and when I say 3, you over here yell out 'Hish!' and you over there yell out 'Hash!' and the rest of us will yell out 'Hosh!' Now, then! One! Two! Three!"

They sneezed with tremendous effect, and as the distant hills caught the sound the echoes wonderfully remarked to the trees:

"And you know, they all have immortal souls!"—New York Sun.

Interested Party.

Johnny—Why do you want your father to be a detective?